

(2) 1490. d. 46.

A sence deep'd in the Guile, and the People's Yar-

T H E

Lord Whiglove's

E L E G Y :

To which is added

A Pious Epitaph upon the Late
Bishop of Addlebury.

Farewell, Old Bully of these Impious Times,
True Patron of the Whigs, and of their Crimes;
Projector of the Schemes adyanc'd to raise
Those Conflicts Britain felt in Cromwell's daies:
The English Lucifer, whose restless Pride,
Stop'd by no Bounds, both Heav'n and Earth defy'd;
Corrupt by Nature, born to be the base
Impatient Leader of a Factious Race;

A

That,

That, by his Friendship for the Good Old Cause,
The Saints might know whose darling Son he was ;
For all his Actions, like the Mark of *Cain*,
At once declar'd his Guilt, and spoke the Man
To be the Off-spring of that Rebel Sire
Who skulk'd in Sawpit, whilst his Troops stood fire.

None more industrious to obtain his Ends,
Or readier to selam his *Whiggish* Friends ;
Free of access to Men Expert in Evil,
On every bad Account so wondrous civil,
He'd be as proud to serve 'em as the Devil.

Religion o'er the Bottle was his Jeſt,
And nothing more his Banter than a *Priest* ;
Yet oft he call'd on *God*, we must allow,
But 'twas to *Damn him*, as he finds e'ernow.
So Atheists Sport with Heav'n's avenging Ire,
Till doom'd for ever to Infernal Fire.



His

His highest Vertues, even Friends must own,
 Were to deride the Church and thwart the Throne;
 Espouse, Reward, Encourage, and Maintain
 The wretched Tenets of the vilest Men ;
 And to oppose, with unrelenting Spight,
 What e'er was Sacred, Orthodox, or Right ;
 Cavill'd at all things that above him soar'd,
 And at the highest Pow'rs most loudly roar'd ;
 As wanton Mastiffs in a Moon-light Night
 Bark at fair *Cynthia* 'cause she shines so bright.

None from bad Men could merit more Applause,
 For his good Service in a wicked Cause ;
 Or prove more friendly to those daring Knaves,
 Proud to insult, and make their *Kings* their *Slaves* ;
 Those croaking Frogs, who triumph or complain,
 And neither are content with *Log* or *Crane*,
 But spurn at Princes who with Mercy sway,
 And rail at those that force 'em to obey.

No cunning Whig could boast superior Parts,
 Or Juggler practise more deceitful Arts ;
 By Knaves and Jilts applauded to the Skies, (Lies.)
 But curs'd by Tradesmen whom he sham'd with
 Yet, tho' his Lordship hated to discharge
 A lawful Debt, and thought each Bill too large,
 Much Wealth he squander'd, with the least regret,
 To strengthen Faction, and confound the State,
 That the same Troubles might again prevail,
 In which his Father fish'd, and far'd so well.
 Thus Rebel's Sons, and Daughters of a Jilt,
 Derive from Parents their enormous Guilt ;
 For Villany and Vice descend by Blood,
 And make the Promise in the Dec^ologue good.

At Epsom once this great aspiring Lord,
 Was by a Reverend Clergy-Man implor'd
 To grant a slender Sum, as many more
 Of equal Rank had freely done before,

A

That

That a new sacred Chappel might be rais'd,
 Wherein good Heaven might be ador'd and prais'd ;
 My Lord, who, valu'd neither Church nor Priest,
 But turn'd what e'er was Sacred to a Jest,
 Pulls out a Sixpence, sswears a bloody Oath
 He'ad no regard to either Church or Cloth ;
 Adding, *Good Sir, I am not so profuse*
To lavish more to such a foolish Use :
But if you'll build upon the self same Ground
A Bawdy-House, I'll give you Twenty Pound.

This was the wise and mighty Prop of State,
 Extoll'd so highly by the *Whigs* of late ;
 This their great Oracle, who seldom spoke
 Without an Oath to crown some impious Joke ;
 The Wretch who, in Contempt of Heav'n and Hell,
 Defil'd the *Rostrum* with a dripping Tail,
 Vile from his Cradle, blasphemously bold ;
 A Rake when young, and very lewd when old.

This was the *Lordly Whig* the Faction chose
 To steer their Helm, and patronize their Cause,
 Who, in their Service, lavish'd his Estate,
 Apply'd his Brains new Mischiefs to create,
 As Witches use their Art to punish those they hate.

O ! mourn his *Exit*, you that spurn the Throne,
 And curs'd the best of Queens that sat thereon ;
 Weep all ye flagrant Enemies to Peace,
 Who pray aloud that War may never cease ;
 Grieve all ye *Whigs*, your sinking Cause bemoan,
 Since Heav'n has pull'd your two great Pillars down.
 One doubly quallify'd in Church and Court,
 To do and sanctify the greatest Hurt ;
 The other indefatigably vile
 In all that tended to the Nation's Spoil ;
 Each destin'd to be infamously great,
 One in the *Church*, the other in the *State* :

sixt

Yet

Yet both did to the Transient World appear
 Alike Religious, and alike sincere.
 Therefore once more, O *Whigs* ! lament your Loss,
 And seek new Stancheons for your tott'ring Cause :
 For now, alass ! they're gone, you'll find but few
 So truly fit to serve the Dev'l and You ;
 Worthies whose Vertues we may Justly say
 None but the Rev'rend *Ken*——t can display.

An EPITAPH on the Late Bishop of ADDLEBURY.

HERE *Scotus Lyes*, of late as Wise
 And Learn'd as *Tom Aquinas* ;
 Lawn Sleevs he wore, yet was no more
 A Christian than *Socinus*.

Oaths *Pro* and *Con* he swallow'd down,
 Lov'd Gold like any Layman ;
 Wrote, Preach'd, and Pray'd ; but yet betray'd
 God's Holy-Church for *Mammon*. Of

Of every Vice he had a Spice ;
Altho' a *Rev'rend Prelate*,
Yet liv'd and dy'd, if not bely'd,
A true Dissenting Zealot.
If such a Soul to Heav'n hath stoln,
And escap'd Old Satan's Clutches,
We'll then presume there may be room

For M—— and his D——

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